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Mild indulgence, white-rob'd candour,
 Warding off the shafts of slander—
 To truth's just sentence still referring,
 Or, through kindness, fondly erring;
 And ever at our feasts to bless,
 A constant guest be cheerfulness.
 There, oft let genius guide the tongue,
 And taste approve the unlabour'd song;
 Let partial judgment smile serene,
 Or criticize with gentlest mien,
 And still reprove; or merriment,
 Glistening tender sentiment—
 Sweet, dove-eyed virgin, whom, of yore,
 Venus to Apollo bore;
 And, gifted by the sacred Nine,
 Placed near Dian's sacred shrine,
 That soft voice might pity move—
 Excuse the voice of erring love,
 And for her brother's crimes atone,
 With delicacy all her own.
 Pleas'd with the infant's gentle charms,
 The Graces nurs'd her in their arms—
 Smiled at her pains—her timid fear—
 Her ready blush—her starting tear;
 Inspired her words; and as she grew,
 Taught her each winning art they knew.
 Her quick perceptions, liquid tones,
 All her father's genius owns;
 While her fascinating eyes,
 Balmy mouth, and melting sighs—
 The tender smile, the swelling breast,
 Show the queen of love confest.
 Hand in hand, with dimpled mirth,
 Still may she grace our cheerful hearth,
 While love and friendship twine around
 Our pure and consecrated ground.
 Oh, hours of bliss! oh nights divine!
 When shall such feasts again be mine?
 Less bright were those which once could charm
 The bard within his Sabine farm.
 And such to me could town afford,
 When peace and plenty bless'd my board;
 And such delights if thou couldst give,
 Town, in thee I still would live.

THE BITER BITTEN.

As an humble companion to the highly humorous story of Condy Cullen and the Gauger, so well told by the author of the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," in the 182d number of your Journal, I beg to send you the following anecdote of a gauger, who some years ago resided in a little village in the south of Ireland. Not far from the said village there lived one Paddy Casey, a decent, honest, simple poor man, who endeavoured by unremitting industry to support in comfort a wife and large family, on little more than two acres of ground—an enterprise not always practicable, but particularly difficult when a rainy season set in, or the weather was unfavourable for the particular kind of crops he endeavoured to grow on his land. On one occasion of this kind, his stack of barley, which the little farm had produced him, was malted to such a degree as to render it quite unsaleable, thus blasting the hopes which he had formed of a sufficiency of provision for the ensuing winter.

Although nearly all his neighbours were engaged in the trade of illicit distillation, Paddy Casey had hitherto avoided it, from an unwillingness to run so great a risk; but the case now stood thus—by success in such a speculation, he had the fairest hope of gain; by failing, he had nothing to lose. So he took the advice of his neighbours, and prepared his otherwise worthless corn for the still; and in course of time, had the good fortune to bear home his poteen in safety. Another difficulty was still to be surmounted, however, before he could count himself perfectly safe; and this was, to dispose of it. All the information he could gain on this point was, that in the neighbouring town there lived a grocer, who, dealing largely in illicit spirits, generally was the purchaser of all the neigh-

bourhood could supply. To him Paddy accordingly determined to go; and having borrowed an ass and car, and packed his little cargo securely under a load of straw, set out for his destination in the evening, calculating to reach it towards dusk, when he would have much better chance to escape notice.

Fortune favoured our hero, and he reached the grocer's door without interruption, where he was introduced to this important personage—a pompous, burly little body, with a sinister expression of countenance, which plainly indicated he had within little of the finer feelings of humanity.

"Your honour," said Paddy Casey, taking off his cap with most respectfully, "I'm a poor boy that was directed to your honour, to know if your honour 'ud take a drop of the *rale home-made stuff* from me—about twenty gallons of it, your honour."

"I don't think I ever dealt with you, honest man—did I?" said the grocer.

"No, your honour," said Paddy; "but you did with my neighbours the Kearneys—'twas they sent me—and I've a sample of it here in the bottle. I never was in the thrade afore, and it would be a charity for your honour to buy it; for I dunna what I'll do with it if you don't."

"Have you it under the straw?"

"I have, yer honour, shure enough; and here's the sample—never got the taste of water, no more nor the child unborn." Poor Paddy's eagerness to effect a sale did not escape the notice of the wily negociator, and he determined, accordingly, to take advantage of the simplicity and helplessness of his new customer. Having tasted the sample, and ascertained its strength and purity, he proceeded—

"Yes, it's pretty good—twenty gallons you say—why, honest man, the fact of the matter is, I'm not in need of any at present, as I've bargained already for as much as I want. But since you say you're in such a hobble, I don't mind if I put myself to a little inconvenience about it."

"Why then," said Paddy, interrupting him, "may the blesin's of all the saints be about your door, and follow you wherever you go. Is it down this gateway I'll turn, Sir?"

"Stay, stay," said the grocer, "we haven't settled about the price yet—I can only give you three shillings a gallon for it."

"Och, your honor," said Paddy, quite disappointed, "when was the likes of that sould undher four shillings?"

"But, my good fellow," said the grocer, "you forget that I don't want your whiskey at all, and 'tis only as a compliment I'm taking it; so take it or leave it—I don't want the bargain if you don't."

"Oh, bedad, Sir," answered poor Paddy, "that 'ud never pay—say four shillings."

"No," said the cunning trader, turning into his shop, "take three, or try another market."

"Maybe yer honour 'ud recommend me to some body else that wants the like."

"You won't let me have it at three shillings then?" asked the grocer angrily.

"Och, sure, your honour couldn't ask it for that?" answered Paddy.

"O, well," said the grocer, "since you wish to thry elsewhere, I'll not bar you, but you'll see if you'll do better. There's a gentleman up at the end of the town would be glad, I fancy, to get it; at least he looks out for it pretty sharp. You may try him if you like—he lives next the church—a green hall-door house, two stories high—you can't miss it."

"Say three and nine, and don't send me any farther," said Paddy.

"No, no—have your own way—I won't take it at all now."

"Well, my blessing on you, any how, whay-up-ho," and turning his ass to the street, he proceeded in the direction pointed out to him, and reached it without much difficulty.

On rapping, and demanding to see the master, the proprietor of the house with the green hall-door, a tall, good-humoured looking man, appeared, with a black coat, drab inexpressibles, and top boots.

"Well, my man, what's your business with me?" said he.

"Why, your honor," said Paddy, laughing slyly, "I was told your honor kept a sharp look out for good poteen."

"And that I do," said the gentleman, "sure enough—I'll give you five guineas into your hand, if you bring me to where there's a gallon of it."

"Whillelu!" thinks Paddy to himself, "I'm made up now entirely. If he'd give so much for a single gallon, and have all the trouble of going for it, sure he'll be offering me the world an' all when I bring it to the door with him."

"Well, my man," said the gentleman, on observing his delighted silence, "what do you say?"

"An' what 'ill you give me," said Paddy, "if I bring you to where there's twenty?"

"I'll give you what I said, upon my honour," answered the gentleman.

"But what 'ill you give me if I bring the twenty to your very door to you?" said Paddy, slapping his brawny thigh with his open palm, as he reached the climax in the bargain.

"Eh," said the gentleman—"what's that you say?"

"Twenty gallons of the best poteen you ever tasted—that's what I say," repeated Paddy; "never got the taste of water, or the blast of a gauger's eye."

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, looking a little bewildered, "either some person has played a very great trick on you, or else you are about playing a particularly silly one on me, I'm thinking."

"Oh, the never a thrick in it—there they are, snug under the straw," said Paddy; "an' sure, yer honor, here's the sample—thry it;" and producing the bottle with the sample from beneath his coat, and the gentleman having put it to his lips, Paddy, in his eagerness to conclude what he thought so profitable a bargain, almost rammed the neck of it down his throat, giving him a tolerably fine sample of it before he could get it from his mouth.

"Eh," said Paddy, chuckling with most irrepressible glee, "isn't that the stuff?"

Some time elapsed, however, before the gauger recovered sufficiently to give an answer, from the fit of coughing which seized him after this unexpected drench.

"You vagabond thief," he exclaimed, on regaining his voice, "do you know who I am?—don't you know I'm the gauger?"

"Millia murder," ejaculated Paddy Casey, leaning up against the wall, quite stunned by this information; "what 'ill I do now at all, at all. Och, the worst of luck to you, grocer Reynolds, to go ruin a poor boy, with a houseful of childer, this-a-way."

"I must seize this poteen, my man," said the gauger, restored to his usual good humour; "but, at the same time, I pity you very much, for I'm sure some trick has been played on you, to make you come into my clutches—I dare not let you go."

"Oh, your honour," exclaimed Paddy, "I didn't mean you the least offence; and sure there was a thrick, or I wouldn't be the fool to come near you: 'twas all the doing of that Reynolds, the grocer, yer honour, who has ruined me and my childer." So he told his story exactly as it happened, his extreme simplicity testing the truth of every part of it.

"Ho, ho," said the gauger; "so Mr. Reynolds deals in poteen—does he? this may turn out well for both of us. Now, my man, you see the trick he has played on you, and I suppose you would have no great objection to punish him for his heartlessness?"

"None whatever in life, yer honour: I'd walk to the world's end, with pebbles in my brogues, to have my revenge on him," vehemently exclaimed our hero.

"You needn't go half so far to do it completely, then," answered the gauger; "follow the directions I'll give you, and play no trick, and you'll find it easy enough to have complete satisfaction of the scoundrel who could thus endeavour to injure a poor man."

He then gave him a detail of his plan, which Paddy most joyfully proceeded to execute.

Having returned to the grocer's, with a melancholy disconsolate air, Paddy once more demanded to see the

waiter, who came forth with a grin, in anticipation of the scene which he expected would ensue; he was disappointed, however, on seeing the car and cargo still in possession of the owner.

"So that gentleman wouldn't take your whiskey?" said he.

"Oh, wirra sthrue!" answered Paddy, "sure he wasn't at home, or he would."

"I say, my good fellow, do you know who he was?"

"Oh, the sorra a know; but sure he must be a good fellow, anyhow, if he has such a regard for the poteen. Mr. Reynolds, dear, do take it from me at the three-and-six, and earn my blessin', an' my wife's an' childer's, into the bargain. Dth, dth; sorra's on you for poteen, what trouble you're given me—three an' six, your honor."

"No, no," answered the grocer; "since you missed your other customer, I'll not go back of my former offer. I'll give you the three for it; and now, at a word, make up your mind, take it or leave it, for my tae's coolin', and I can't stand higgling here with the likes of you all night."

"Well, take it, yer honor," said Paddy; "anything sooner than bring it back. Musha, the next dlrop of poteen I make again, may it be my poison."

"Here John," said the grocer, calling over his shop-boy, and whispering him, "take this man's whiskey, and put it where you know."

His orders were soon executed. Paddy, on pretence of seeing that he got fair play in the measuring, having made good his entry into the cellar, employed himself, in pursuance of the gauger's directions, in observing where it was placed. As soon as it was all regularly measured and put by, his account was made up and the amount paid, and the gate opened for his departure, when, much to the surprise and dismay of the grocer and his assistants, the passage was in a moment occupied by the gauger, and a party of soldiers under his directions, who were quickly in possession of every post in the concerns.

"I'll thank you for the key of your cellar, Mr. Reynolds?" said the gauger coolly.

"Oh, certainly, Sir," said the grocer, with an assumed composure; "but you'll allow me to say, I don't understand what you mean by disturbing my place in this manner, at such an hour of the night. It is quite incomprehensible, so it is."

On this the gauger and Paddy exchanged looks, in a manner calculated very much to awaken the suspicions of grocer Reynolds, who at length discovered the hobble into which his practical joke had plunged him. From the arrangement of his cellar, however, he was pretty confident of security if he could only obtain Paddy's silence; he, accordingly, moved towards him.

"What will you take and hold your tongue?" said he.

"What will you give me, grocer Reynolds?" answered Paddy.

The grocer slipped a pound note into his hand; and scarcely had he done so when Paddy was seized by one of the soldiers and led into the cellar.

"Where was this poteen placed?" said the gauger; but Paddy was most piously silent. The question was repeated, but still no answer, and a third time with like success; Paddy, all the time, shaking his head, and making signs, which the gauger at length understood.

"Ho, ho," said he, "is that what you are at?—here, men, remove those vessels in the corner."

The command was obeyed, and forth came to light the hidden treasure so lately purchased by the facetious grocer. The seizure was of course made, amid the dismay and confusion of the grocer and his family, whom such a disclosure necessarily placed in the greatest danger. The vessel was removed; and Paddy, being set at liberty, demanded from the gauger his reward. The five guineas were laid in his hand, and he trudged home that night, the happiest man in the barony. Moreover, when he told his story, no one blamed him for the part he had acted; nor is it recorded, that he was himself ever wounded in conscience for enjoying the spoils of "a biter bitten."

M.C.